

4

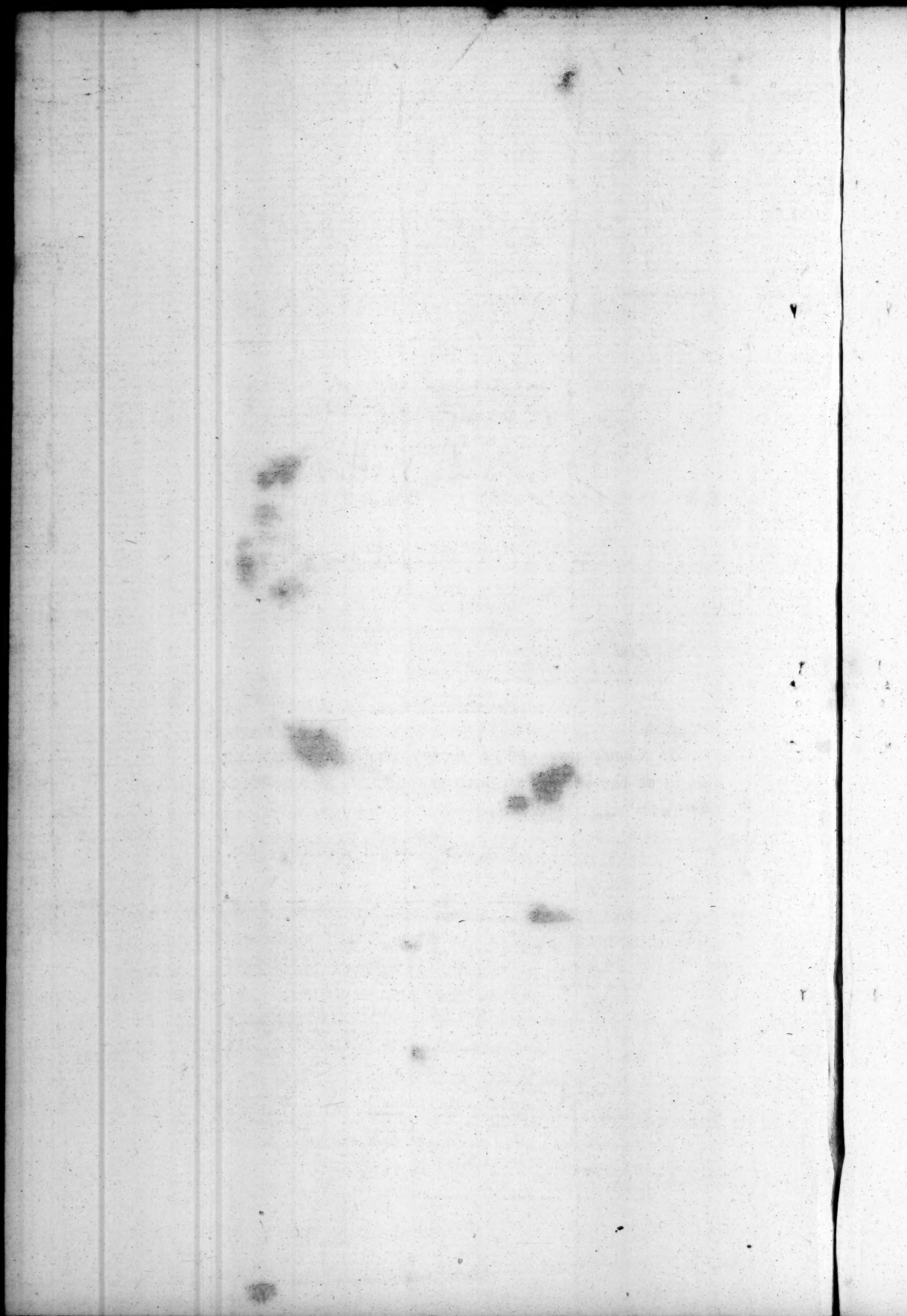
S K E T C H
O F
COMMOTIONS AND DISORDERS
I N T H E
AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS.

*Verla mi racia non hic legentur,
Sed illic legebantur—*

Nos vero novimus utraque esse nihil.

N. B. *Commotions* and *Disorders* imply a something unfound at the heart and bottom of the Subject; it is accordingly treated *secundum artem*.

See Rule of Practice, &c.



4

S K E T C H
O F
COMMOTIONS AND DISORDERS
I N T H E
AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS,

INCLUDING
Transactions from the First of April, 1787,

IN A SERIES OF
E P I S T L E S,
BY DENNIS O'FLAHERTY, ESQ.
Of the Kingdom and Province of Ireland.

Emended into ENGLISH by the Editor, and founded
on Official Papers.

Non Bella, sed Species Belli.

IN ENGLISH — More noise than work.
Or thus — All noise, and no work.
Or, lastly, thus — Much threatened, and nothing done.

N. B. If none of the above Translations please the Reader, he must e'en take a Dictionary, and translate for himself.

N. B. Secondly, that—to the Sketch is *prefixed*, A Preliminary Retrospect of Grounds, &c.

A N D

N. B. Thirdly, that—to the Sketch is *added*, An Epistle from the Pope to Joseph the II^d. that Sovereign's Reply: With his Holiness' last Favor, or Rejoinder, *datum ex Cathedra*

The Rest will be found in the Course of Reading.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH YARD, AND SOLD BY ALL THE
BOOKSELLERS IN THE KINGDOM.

MDCCLXXVII.

Directory Note to the Printer.

S I R,

TAKE great care and pains in setting up the Title-page; Title-pages being of the utmost importance to the Public, and consequence to an Author. Mine is intended as a sample for Title-pages, *in præsenti, et futuro*, (*tempore*, or time, being understood here, for the sake of brevity and precision).

I SUPPOSE, learned Sir, you understand Latin. If not, for though it may seem essential to a *man of letters*, I do not advise you to study it; what you may pick up, at your time of life, will be of little use to you, or any one else. I very well remember what it cost me at school, and what it is likely to cost others. The gain (not gaining page) is yet a blank. No one can say *that*, at least, of my Title-page; which, I once more, recommend to your peculiar care, being &c.

THE AUTHOR.

Ditto to the Publisher.

DO you too, Mr. Publisher, take great pains in setting my Title-page out; as much also may depend on that.

&c.

Preliminary Retrospect.

“ In state affairs it profiteth much to begin by settling preliminaries.”

Randolphus Clearbeaddus de Statibus, &c.

“ The man (whether an Author or not) who dabbleth
“ in courtly waters, should look behind, as well as
“ before him—yea, it is also meet to look on this side,
“ and on that; left, peradventure, he be splashed and
“ bespattered all over.”

Idem de Courtibus, &c.

“ **E**N toute chose considere la fin.” If the Reader will be pleased to follow this good old rule in reading my book, he will find a SOMETHING, near the end of it, by no means unworthy of his notice. This is all I have, at present to request, or require of him. I must, however, except due attention to the following out-line, the filling up of which is reserved for its proper place.

THE first ground must be a dark one : the rest of the composite order ; which *should* belong to painting, as well as architecture : but, as it does not, we will e'en say, *molley*, (in one word) and thus get over our first *scrape*—some allowance must be made for hard touches, &c. the subject being of the *warlike* kind, and the whole performance sketched in a storm.

A SPIRIT of discontent and resistance had pervaded the Austrian Netherlands, long before the first of April last ; though I have chosen that as the proper epocha of my memoir ; because the scenes, there depicted, have all been subsequent to that period. “ The train of gunpowder,” (as Dr. Priestly would express it) “ had been previously laid by the clergy ; (not dissenters though) and this was the moment of general *fracas* and explosion.” This gunpowder had not been deposited “ grain by grain ;” but rather in the manner of Guy Faux, concealed by *fagots*, and under *arches*. The Reader may suppose I mean priests and bishops here, if he will. I have other matters for them in reserve, nor shall I at present

lose sight of either. Them I depict as being at the very bottom of this business; though they seldom go beyond the surface in other researches. The cause of this dark effect may be traced to maxims and tenets of their turbulent church, and find some excuse in a narrow education. But I have two other causes to assign for it; nor can they well be disputed with me. These are the suppression of Convents, and Free Toleration; two Imperial pills which were swallowed with reluctance, though well administered, and one of them at least gentle in its operation. The other was of the laxative kind, and relieved those who had too long been fast bound. Hence I conclude that both were salutary, and do great credit to the State Physician. The clergy thought otherwise, and accused the Emperor of acting like an hospital surgeon; as if time and lenitives could have cured those members which he marked out for amputation. Thus, *cloistral suppressions*, and, above all, FREE TOLERATION went down *par force*.—Went down! did I say?—No—(to use an expression which the Reader will somewhere meet with in the Epistles) “they stuck in the

gizzard," where they surely remain *to the present hour*. To prove this last assertion, I appeal to a late remonstrance from the States of Flanders, published by the clergy of Bruges in convocation, and breathing the true spirit of the whole corps. In this libel, of notorious memory, *Free Toleration*, and the English *parson's pulpit* at Ostend, are stated as among the worst of grievances. The latter, in particular, is there said to "have corrupted the morals of all the good folks in the Low Countries." A *lie* is added, under clerical sanction, stating that the obnoxious pulpit, or preaching stool, had been sold by public auction, of which more notice will be taken hereafter.

HAVING thus laid down my first grounds, I shall leave the Reader to build upon it in his idea, as I have done in mine; where the clergy will be found very hard at work in rearing, and propping up the seditious pile. The lawyers, and other magistrates aid the undertaking, but merely as journeymen, under the auspices of their sacred masters —

So much for the measures at which ye repine—
 I've dwelt on your wishes, now listen to mine.
 Tell your Bishops at head, and your Friars at tail,
 That Religion shall hence be confin'd to her pale.
 The flock, that too long has submitted to pow'r,
 (Ill taught at the voice of a hireling to cow'r!)
 No wolf shall invade, nor *the shepherd devour*.
 Of Lawyers I surely shall narrow the span,
 And make 'em all honest—as far as I can.
 The Nuns (saving those who are tied by the gout)
 As nature requires, shall be free to *go out*;
 And Rebellion, a gamester, who seldom can win,
 If he takes my advice, will do well *to keep in*.

FOR you, who deputed miles heavy and many,
 Are come to do work without pow'rs to do any,
 Ere next you proceed to cockading disorders,
 Remember that I have both powers and orders,
 Which would you avert, other measures employ,
 Nor trust to your *deeds*, or your *Entries of Joy*.

MEANTIME tell your burghers and lath-bearing
 fwains,
 To un-ribband their hats, and unshoulder their canes;
 For, should they in feats of parading persist,
 may force them in *earnest* to march and enlist.—

Not so, the stout Friars, whose cormorant zeal,
 Would eat up an army's support at a meal.
 Their fate to the public I safely commend,
 For the old trade of begging is not at an end.
Au reste, as you came, to your nation return,
 Your chimes set agoing, your tar-barrels burn;
 The Councils, the Clergy, the Lawyers amuse,
 With mighty concessions, and wonderful news!
 Then let them in triumph and manlineſs go,
Pour Chanter TE DEUM, et tirer l'oiseau;
 But—remember the caution I gave you before!—
 Be prudent—be quiet—and bluster no more.

“ AH! ça Meſſieurs; voilala deputation finie Je vous
 “ connois—Nous ſommes concitoyens—après avoir
 “ vu, &c. vous pouvez Vous en retourner a vos
 “ foyers”—

IN Engliſh to ſay—

“ God bleſs you, and go home again.”

SEE an account of the Deputies at Vienna, published by themſelves.

I have done with them.

P A R T

PART THE SECOND.

Hanc etiam aspice partem.

EPISTLE I.

From his Holiness the Pope to Joseph II.

Argumenta Ad hominem, et rem. (a)

DREAD son of a Church, which I hope you
revere,

Incline your attention, and lend me an ear.

But first (which I hope you will do without pressing)

Accept, on your knees, Apostolical Blessing.—

(a) Non sicut erat in principio nunc nec semper, nec in sæcula
sæculorum.

Tempora mutantur, et nos, &c.

Ultima Popei venit jam criminis ætas.

I know the old fellow loves Latin; part of the above is from his own
prayer-book.—One must show one's *learning* now and then.

TIME was when the rulers of nations would
come,

With humble submission to crave 'em at Rome;

But now they are *sent* (at the matter I grieve)

To those who may deign such a boon to receive.

Time was, when, in slipper of adamant shod,

On Kings and on Princes we piously trod;

Who kiss'd the rich slipper, as boys kiss a rod.

TIME was (but alas! it will never be more)

When we drain'd all the rich, little heeding the
poor;

Made all whom we pleas'd bow the knee and adore us,

And carried the world with the Devil before us.

'Tis true, tho' of grievances fore I complain,

Of the harvest we reap'd a few gleanings remain;

But, as from *deductions* 'tis woefully clear,

Where we once had a sheaf, we have hardly an ear;

And zounds! if reforming and prying you go on,

The *good old concern* will be minded by no one.

ALREADY the die seems in Gallia cast:—

Ev'n Spain may return to her senses at last!

Whilst we, vainly trusting to pray'r and to faith,

May decline, and decline till as thin as a lath;

Be left all our losses to count and deplore,
As pensive as Peter, and almost as poor:—

THESE fears are all grounded; yet still, I should
hope,

You feel some respect for the Church and its Pope.
The Church is your Mother^(a) and I am your Father:—
And hence, without reasoning much, you may gather,
That (oh! for persuasion to strengthen my lay!)
Support us you ought, now we come to decay.

How this should be done I refer you to those,
Who guide the Lord's flock by the ears and the nose.
And (sure such a point you are not to be told,)
You'll find the procedures on annals of old.

Good fagots are wholesome—to them I appeal,
They light up the flame of devotion and zeal;
Nay—teach the obdurate to *pray* and to *feel*.
For, fire is an emblem, religious and pure,
Which all who refuse to believe should endure.

THEY ask toleration—a dangerous thing,
Which, granted, must thousands to Lucifer bring.

(a) What must the Emperor be in this case?—

No—trust me, good fagots, good fagots alone,
 Can ensure their salvation, or brighten your own.
 All, all, who to heavenly joys would aspire,
 Or here, or hereafter, must hifs in the fire.—

YET, fear not a finge, nor the foot that is
 cloven,
 You know I've the key and the care of the oven;
 And if to my wishes and will you incline,
 I'll grant you indulgencies ninety and nine.
 So shall you thro' *purgative* fagots be sped,
 Without ever finging a hair of your head.

YOU'LL ask what *douceur* I may crave, in re-
 turn,
 For insurance from fagots that schorchingly burn?—
 'Tis this, that if convents must needs go to pot,
 You'd grant me a share of what falls to your lot.

IF Abbeyes must moulder, and Nunneries fall,
 And holy good Bishops be push'd to the wall;
 Some share of the plunder you sure may bestow,
 And then 'twill be only a transfer, you know.
 The loafers, no doubt, will look sheepish or glum!
 But you may cry "justice," and I will cry "mum!"

We'll chuckle as snug as if no one had seen us—
In short—we will share the whole matter between us.

CONSIDER—Old England her aid has withdrawn;
Where never again shall our influence dawn.—
That country of honey and milk—but, alas!
What boots it for me to reflect what it was?

I FIND to my grief and I find *to my cost*,
That for ever! for ever! for ever 'tis lost!
The Devil and me they unite in one tether;
For (mercy upon us!) we're coupled together.

You see with what meekness for favors I sue,
Which a Pope of old times would have claim'd as
his due.

Now, if from the rigour of rule I relax,
I think it is just you should let us go snacks.
To part with a trifle how can you be loath?
Believe me, dear Sir, there's enough for us both.

My Bishops I prize as the light of my soul,
They keep up the faith and they keep up the
bowl.

Yet those to your care, or your mercy I leave,
If a sum, as per margin, you graciously give.

FOR money, yes money, (I stick to the text)
Is the salt of this world; and why talk of the
next?

Entre nous, for itself let to-morrow provide,
Whilst ev'ry to-day may rejoice, as a bride,
And Claret and Burgundy swim far and wide. }
You see with what ease I can throw off my cloak,
My burden is easy, nor heavy my yoke— }
But (a) hush—we are friends—keep the pig in a }
poke.

Soft—soft—is the word, for conjoin you I must,
Since I know you would snarl, should I deal in a
crust.

And, as to what fate and yourself has decreed,
Be sure that in all you propose we're agreed; }
But do not forget a dear Brother in need. }

ONE plea for the pious good Nuns may I tender?
My bowels are mov'd——*for* the feminine gender.
Poor souls! let 'em chaunt, like a bird in its cage,
The pangs of confinement, and spite to assuage,
For, should they on seas of temptation be hurl'd,
They're lost to the Devil, tho' gain'd to the world.

(a) A rhyme for his Holiness' sake I will tag,
He is out in his pig; keep the Cat in the bag.—

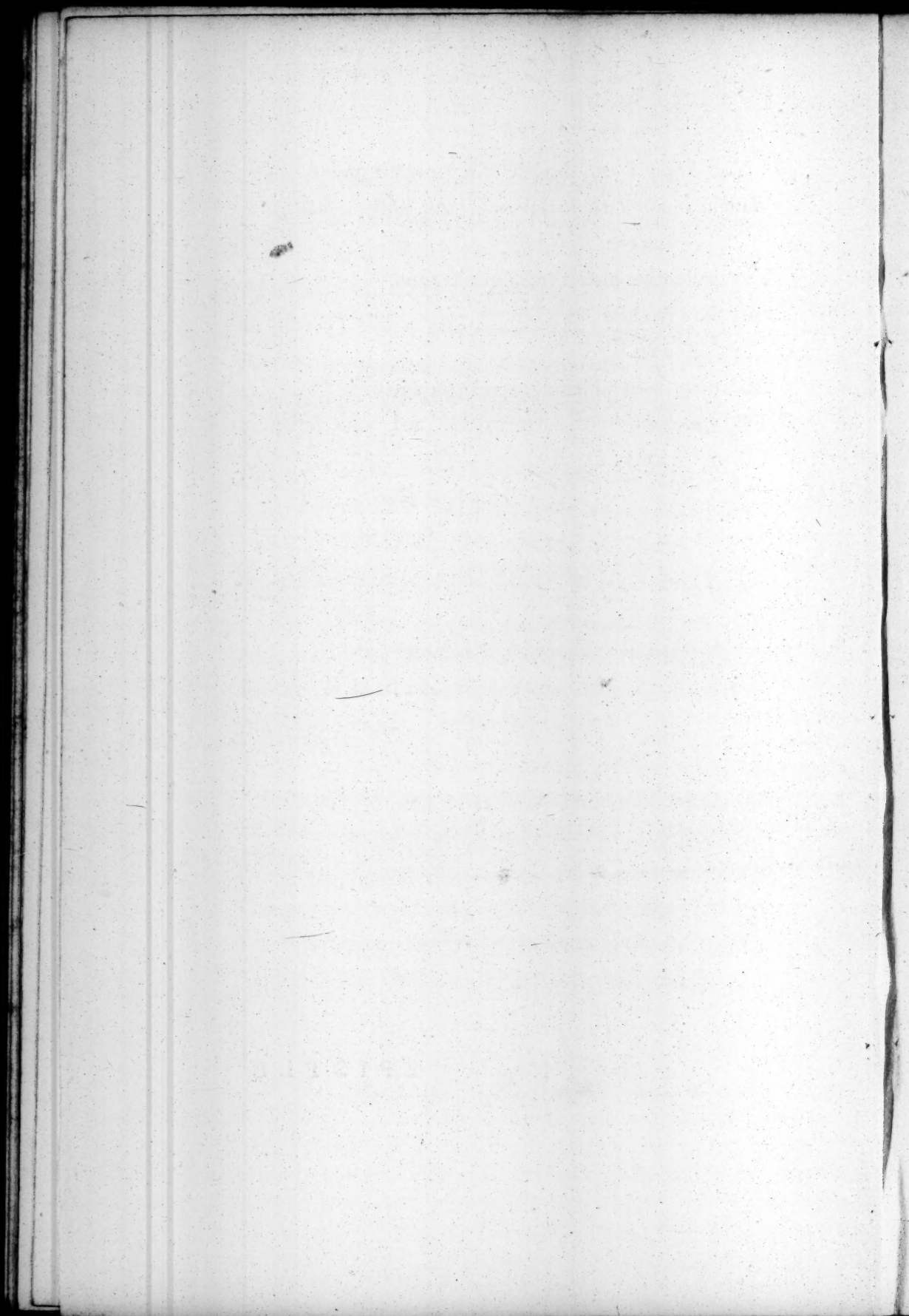
You know I am shod in a slipper that's golden,
Which, if you would kifs, to your nose 't shall be
holden;

That past, other matters we'll settle anon,
For the good of the Church,—not forgetting our
own.

And now, with a blessing, I bid you adieu,
Till you hear from your friend, and your father,
anew.

Benedicat, &c.

Datum Romæ —



EPISTLE II.

Joseph II. Answer to his Holiness.

Post nubila, &c.

Je vois ce qui lui a donné dans l'oeil—
In English—I see which way the old Rogue (a) squints.

GREAT head of a Church which I truly revere,
As much as 'tis prov'd from hypocrisy clear,
A blessing you've sent, and to pay you in coin,
I beg, in return, to make tender of mine,
Thus, blessing for blessing, each monarch transmits,
So far, we agree, and so far, we are quits.

(a) "Old Rogue?" Lord Chesterfield says "*Old Cheat*."—So may you, if you please. Lord C. was well acquainted with the characters of great men. See his Letters, Vol. 1. Letter 67.—

TIME was, you observe, when we monarchs were
wont,

To cringe at your feet, like a — to — don't!—
That time is no more; so, no more shall be said,
On a point which is settled as fast as the dead.

FAT Abbies shall yield, the old Nunneries fall,
And fat holy Bishops shall go to the wall.
All this is decreed—but for what you require,
What promise to guard me from purgative fire;
I beg your excuse, should I boggle to do't,
'Tis a point we'll discuss when occasion may suit,
Meantime make the most of the tree and its fruit. }
On both I here give you abundance of joy,
Nor wish to put on you my coinage alloy.
Why barter for trash (i. e. money) the things
Which you hold above rubies, and Princes and
Kings?

My conscience is tender as that of a Jew,
Nor can I impose on a dealer, like you.
Keep, keep the dear jewels, the market is low,
And that they *will* keep, you must surely avow.
Then take my advice, both in reason and rhyme,
For the market no doubt will be better in time,
Nay, worse should it be, you're a dealer so clever,
You know you can keep 'em for ever and ever.—

You feel for the Nuns?—to your plan I agree,
But they surely will suit you much better than me.
I'll send 'em in shoals as an exquisite treat,
And I'll throw in my Bishops to make it complete.

Now, as to your slipper—alas! and alack!
I long have complain'd of a pain in my back.
My Eagle you know, is an Eagle of prey,
And tho' he can *sloop*, never sloops in that way. (a)
Your blessing he takes, and your Bull he salutes,
As a terror to man, and a model for brutes.
Whilst I—— but, no matter, 'tis time to have
done,
So remember the faith of your dutiful son,

JOSEPH, &c.

P. S. AYE, and a *true Joseph* I think I am. Your
Holiness must be a lover of *truth*, &c.

Volte Subito.

(a) Since monarchs the slipper have lovingly kiss'd,
Till it's flabber'd all o'er, like a mountain in mist:
Some smacks, I should think, to *our* toes must be due;
And, if you will do't, I'll unbuckle my shoe.

His Holiness' last Reply, or Rejoinder to Joseph II.

Ad hominem.

A DUTIFUL son?—Thou'rt a liar! a knave!
 Whom nought from the pit of perdition can save.
 And since, notwithstanding my credit and pray'rs,
 Thou returnest my bill, and rejectest my wares,
 On thee and thy nation (a) a curse shall alight;
 A curse when ye eat, when ye p—fs, when ye sh—te! (b)
 And since to my slipper you murmur to bow,
 You e'en kiss a SOMETHING that is not so low,

DATUM *ex Cathedra*.

P. S. (by the Editor)

No *bleffing*, as the Reader may suppose, was
 annexed to the above Rejoinder.

End of the Second Part.

(a) In no point is the *catholicity* of this church so manifest, as in the
 latitudinarianism of cursing.—It *takes in* all, even in the very act of
fatal exclusion.

(b) Delicate Readers must not blame me for the tenor of these dashed
 and dashing lines, they bring a *literal* translation from the sentence
 of Excommunication, as denounced against me and every other honest
 heretick,—by *virtue* of which we are to go (worse than to the dogs)
 to the very Devil himself.—*Ecce Signum!*—"Maledicentur in mandu-
 cando, in mingendo, in cacando, &c.—"

I dare not translate here, for the sake of the country gentlemen, lest
 the country ladies also should chance to get hold of it.—

PART THE THIRD.

Short, and intended for lighter Readers than the last.

EPISTLE I.

*From the Bishop of ——es, to the English (alias)
Welsh Minister at ——tend.—*

In nomine, &c.

Excommunicabo te per, &c.—

VILE son of a daring heretical race,
Thou talk of repentance, religion and grace?—
What mean st thou by fixing of preaching the stool?
And coming to fish in our sanctified pool?—
Think st thou that a zealot, and orthodox Bishop,
Will suffer the blasphemous sermons to dish up?—
Think st thou that —— but, why do I reason with
thee?

Hence! hence on thy life, and away to the sea;—

Take with thee thy stool, thy old Bible and coats;
Return to thy country, and *preach to thy goats*. (a)
If not, I'll be with thee anon, *coute qui coute*;
To blast, to unfurplice, and beat thee, to boot.

Signed

JOANNES BLUSTERHEADUS.

Episc:——ensis.—

P. S. THE EXCOMMUNICATION I promise thee, shall
be the same as I pronounced against the
Lawyer (with lighted candles, &c.) who came
on *compulsive* business. (b)

(a) This clears up a doubt, relative to the Bishop's literary character. He must have read *something* of history, or how could he know a Welshman and a goat mean the same thing?—

(b) Though the Reader has the Bishop's word for this fact, he may rely on its veracity.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

In answer to the last.

Priesthood to Episcopacy, greeting.

THOU son of a church, and thou son of a gun!
Think'st thou that old Wales from old Flanders will
run?

Here! bring me a towel—both eyes I will bind,
I'll tie up one leg, with my right arm behind;
And, if I don't beat thee, for all thy old grudges,
And send thee a packing from ——tend to ——es, }
I'll eat my old bible, from Adam to Judges.

Got's blut! hur beaten by a Flemish Bishop!

P. S.—

A LINE I will add, tho' in anger, to show
Thee a virtue thou wantest, and never may'st know,
(Hence shalt thou in envy and malice repine,
When the sum of thy faith is out-balanc'd by mine;)

My testament take for thyself and thy deans,
 In hopes it may teach you what charity means:
 Read Paul, if thou can'st, (from malevolence free,)
 And look at the comment in them and in thee.

P. S. As a farther proof of charity I will also fend thee a leek, to shew thee what stuff a Welshman is made of.—Excommunications I do not fend; for, though such deadly weeds be found in our vineyard, they are not of my planting nor fostering either—no—for, were I Lord of the foil, instead of Tenant for life, I would pull them up.

PULL away, by all means—I will ensure you from actions of waste.—The fig-tree was blasted for being only leafy; surely those should be cast into the fire, whose fruits are poison, death, and whatever can be hurtful beyond it.—Happily this matter, like that in Brabant, &c. begins in threats, and ends there too.

Editor's Text, and Do's. Comment.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III. *And last.*

Holland and Flanders. A Dialogue.

Nos dux turbamur.

HOL. **A**SSIST me, old neighbour, your aid I
require.

FLAN. I'm as deep in the mud as yourself in the mire.
Milled by the rage, or the lie of the day,
The desperate game of your Highness I play, }
And, fairly a loofer, would fain run away.

HOL. But say what's the matter?

FLAN. The matter?

HOL. Aye, what?

FLAN. 'Tis a pitiful story of *this* and of *that*.
The Emperor wishes on *that*, and on *this*;
I took it in dudgeon, i. e. all amiss,
And, to finish the chapter, I held up my fif—t.

HOL. You struck?

FLAN. Aye, my flag.

HOL. How! abandon the cause?
Abandon your oath, your Religion and laws,
And see your old Lion tied up by the paws?

FLAN. Alas!

HOL. And alack!

FLAN. And ah! well-a-day me!
You advise me to cope with the rage of a sea?—

HOL. Your bottom awhile, I was willing to found,
Both out of our reck'ning, and fairly aground.

FLAN. Ah! do not insult an illustrious wound!

HOL. A remedy.

FLAN. Well, let us hear it.

HOL. To wit,
The only way now is to sue and submit.

FLAN. Submit?—but my honor.

HOL. My honor?—my ——
The tragedy's o'er, and you turn it to farce.
My honor, with you, may be *this* and be *that*—
With me 'tis the metal that makes a man fat
In short, a *good man*.

FLAN. Say you so? Well, agreed;
We'll come into terms: Will you draw up the deed?

HOL. Petition! you mean.

FLAN. How! descend to petition,—
Ah! pity the fate of your neighbour's condition.
Petition! my Sires would have scorn'd it, my Sires,
Who—

HOL. Tush! 'tis a matter which *reason* requires,
Not ancestry, useless, as idle and vain;
For that is my eye, and my ——— o'er again.—
Let's come to a point, from the tidings we bring,
We spar with a statesman, and you with a king.
Long-arm'd are they both, and I think it is wise,
Ere we fight with a giant, to measure his size.
Let's act with dispatch, unlike Grecians at Illium;
Hence you to your Joseph, as I to my William.
Both, both are prepar'd without frowns to receive,
The homage, the *fromage* (a) and treasure we
give,

FLAN. 'Tis kind, very kind! as I fester and live!

HOL. Kind, or not, 'tis the test of a stand or a
fall;
We'd better compound it than give up our all.
The (b) weakest, you know, must e'en go to the
wall.

(a) Old Holland still has an eye to his cheese.

(b) Both may be supposed to do so in this place.

Full clearly the drift of my *Willy* I smoke;
 But then 'tis in vain in my marshes to croak.
 He stands like an ox my old carcase to crush,
 Whilst all I can do is to shew him a rush:
 And tho' I *might* gain, should it come to a push,
 One bird in the hand is worth two in a bush.
 For a battle at Proverbs I'm ready, you see,
 And, if you are wise, you will *act* 'em with me.

FLAN. Think you so, neighbour Holland?

HOL. Nay, think? I am sure,
 Your Joe means no more than your ulcers to cure.
 And, as to your old Constitution, that's rotten,
 Your customs that are, or that should be, forgotten,
 They—

FLAN. Bye, neighbour Holland—hope times will
 be better!

HOL. I too, and if-so, I'll inform you by letter.

FLAN. A word ere we part;
 Nor tremble, or start,
 At what I propose—

HOL. About coming to blows?

FLAN. Should William be testy?

HOL. I'll go to the Devil,
 Ere more I am gull'd into broils that are civil.

FLAN. The Devil?—What's that? (to conceal
it were vain)
Before such a thought should re-enter *my* brain,
I'd even shake hands with a Spaniard again.

Ohe! Jam satis est. Ohe! Libelle.—
In English—So, no more at present from
Dion. O'Flaherty.

THE LOCK.

Aures esto.

HAVING let the Reader into the several apartments of my State Cabinet, nothing now remains but to shew him the Lock on the first door of entrance, of which he has seen the key already.—But I must first conclude my retrospect, which I broke off about the middle. The remaining half has been nearly supplied in the third Epistle.—We there saw Madame La G—te.

a Bruxelles as busy at repealing edicts, in *her* way, as ever her brother had been in making them. She had long been withheld from the substance of power (that being too heavy for a female hand) and now seemed willing to play with the shadow. In a few days the undoing was complete, and nothing remained but to quiet the public fears, which did not much rely on pettycoat faith and government.

PAPER monsters, in the shape of petitions, remonstrances, &c. &c. assailed her from every quarter; some bordering on threats, and all repleat with most bitter invectives against her brother; accusing him of having broken his oaths, with the neck of their old constitution. Every barking dog had its day, and often whole litters came out together. The Reader has only to consider the tone and language of a highwayman, who asks for concessions with his hat in one hand, and a pistol in the other. A lady could not be supposed to refuse in such a predicament, and she accordingly refused nothing. This is one way for accounting for her prodigious liberality in giving away that which all the world knew did not belong to her; a point since confirmed by public authority. She repealed and repealed, till the repealing budget was as empty, as the ideal power she was pleased to assume. "En toute chose

“confidere la fire.” It is really astonishing that neither she nor her turbulent midnight visitors should have considered this, or not have learned so much wisdom as it contains from their sprightly neighbours, the French. I speak this of their language, not themselves; who repeat the words, like many others, without *always* attending to the meaning.—

No meaning at all was attended to in this repealing bustle; and the end was such as might (had it been considered) have been expected. The Emperor, (not being in a yielding, nor a signing mood when the long, very long, list was presented) refused?—Aye, refused to ratify a single article. Thus ended the Chapter of repeals, with Madame’s promises as to their validity. The disappointment was pitiful; wondrous pitiful!—and as I do not wish to excite pity, I freely leave it to those who may.—At the same time I bid adieu to the subject, as I soon shall do to the courteous Reader, who perhaps may know all, or most of these things, nearly as well as myself. If so, he must either have stood by as an eye witness, or like me, have received official documents; those in the public papers having, till lately, been very lame indeed, except one from Ostend, in Say’s paper, about the riots of Bruges, which was tolerably correct, I hardly remember one, till within

these few days, which has not been replete with wilful mis-statement, or idle conjecture.—But my door is open, and the Lock only remains for inspection.—

THE first *ward*, is in a good sense against the critics, whom I entreat to be civil, in as civil a way as free-born author ought. Try me, like an Englishman, by my Peers, (for Mr. O'Flaherty is now no more) and pronounce such a sentence as justice, tempered by candor, may warrant; and if the stone ye throw be *black*, I will not throw another, (for that would be black-guard work in a double sense;) if *white*, I will put it in my pocket, make you a bow, and keep it for your sake.—I claim no exemption from your tribunal (fashioned as ye are by the Public voice) and such is my vanity, or what else you please, that I really expect very good things from you.—Let them also be speedy, if you can indulge the request; for I hate suspense, as it resembles hanging, which you may and must know is a very painful and trying position.—So no more, at present, from, &c. &c. &c. and &c.—lastly yours,

The AUTHOR.

P. S. STILL to the Reviewers. The Reader I have done with some time ago.—Know therefore ye Judges in Israel, that (as a farther sample of my

light thin-cloth and drefs) I hope foon to give the Public, and you, the following publication, riding on the back of this; i. e. fhould that back not be broken.——

*Continental Travels through Part of French and
Austrian Flanders.*

(By John Bull and Family.)

SHOULD this twin-brother of my prefent faucy brat, find grace in your eyes, and acceptance with the Public, I may then falute both in a far more sober drefs than the one in which ye have hitherto known and beheld me.—This is not our firft acquaintance, nor have I had, hitherto, reafon to fpuen at yours. But, fhould you now find occafion to *trim my jacket* (as I think I have done thofe of the Flemings and Brabangons,) fhould you beat me as if I were a Negro, or even a German recruit—What then?—Sitting as you do in the fhadows of death, the very arrows of Hercules would be loft upon you; and mine (though unpoifoned) are I think, too good to be fhot away.

WHY! why then did I employ them on ftate broils, religious mole-traps, fcare-crows and fhadows?—I did it to mend them, which is hardly poffible; to pleafe

myself, which is not easy; and (hardest task of all, perhaps,) to please the Public and you.

A *LAST* *ward* remains for long-winded Readers, who may find my Lock too narrow, and my key too small. Nay, the door itself may not escape, but be said to turn on a grating hinge. What can I say to such objections?—To give them reasons, would bare an action of waste; I have really few to spare. It would farther subject me to an action of trespass, where short-winded Readers have hold of me already.—To the former I urge, in bar, that my book is longer than I could wish, or, at first designed it; what remains may serve to fill another.—Though the heats of Summer be past, the Autumn of events is yet to come. I have called, where I could, such fruits as were ripe. The rest I reserve for a future fling or pull; and should a mere nut at times be cracked, where a filbert was sought for, I hope some allowances for a bad season. Laugh, if thou wilt Reader, either at or with me, but do not do it monkey fashion.—I, thou seest, am a good-natured fellow; why shouldst thou refuse to be so?—To withhold what is here offered, would be only suffering pottadge to cool, or leaving the mess to a different cook.—*Au reste* the harvest thickens apace, at which I will have a second cut, after breathing awhile and whetting my sickle.

LASTLY, and *finally*, I make no apology for hard rubs on the mendicant Friars, (those *monstra horrenda, informia, ingentia*, of a church) as every brush they get is so far a clearance to the path of reason:—Now I have done with Lock, Key, Cabinet, and *all*.—

Ohe Jam satis, &c.

LAST ORATOR, *Capuchin*.

*Who should have held forth after his Brother Friar,
had not his Speech been purposely reserved for
this place.*

GREAT Sir, I harangue for the chin-cover'd herds,
Take life, if you must, but have mercy on *beards*;
On beards, which (however by the wicked bely'd)
Are of cowl-shaded faces the grace and the pride.
For beards, as by sages of yore, we are taught,
Are of wisdom the emblems, and promptors of thought;
(And surely no monarch requires to be told,
That all should be sacred which was so of old.)

BEARDS hung in the way of a frail-making fin,
The bosom they shelter, and lengthen the chin;
Now chins that are long, meditation imply,
On what we are now, and may be by and by.

Whilst chins that are short, and unbearded
remain,

Are harden'd, unorthodox, bare and prophane—
Such, such, was the chin of the murderer Cain. (a)

We read in a book that is holy and true,
That David was bearded and Solomon too;
And hence we conclude, as in reason we can,
That beards are the test of a sanctify'd man.

CONSIDER, great Sir, ere you fatally wrong 'em,
The sanctify'd drops that have trickled along 'em.
How oft the long crop of a consecrate foil,
Has been foster'd by fat, and anointed with oil!
Consider what loads of derision were heap'd,
On the goat in the fable whose muzzle was reap'd!—
If cats without scent, when unwhisker'd, we see,
Ah! what without beard would a Capuchin be?—
Why, why have I liv'd to experience the woes,
Of a chin without hair, and the shoeing of toes? (b)—
But if, after all we can urge by appeal,
Our beards must submit to the vengeance of steel;
As relics we hope the old shavings to sell;
A treasure to Nuns, and to lovers a spell.

(a) "Where did the Capuchin learn this?"—I really do not know, but am happy to see by what follows, that he has obtained leave to read the Bible.

(b) *Rasee et chaufes.*

As relics!—ah! ne'er shall we profit by that,

For, relics, alas! are no longer in date.—

Then (ne'er to be mix'd with un-warmth loving
hair)

May angels convey them thro' regions of air,

To shine in the tail of the sea-shunning bear!

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR.

ALREADY, methinks, I behold them arise,
See! see, they ascend, and are fix'd in the skies,
To allure the Devotes, and to puzzle the wife.

Hail! holy Constellation—I adore,

Thee and the *Georgium Sidus*—

So, no more at present, gentle Reader,

In any shape or sphere,

From your very familiar friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE END.

1179 Heywood

Harpur